

The typewriter

Itself

what a sad
derelict, the gilt even
of its trade-name
half rubbed away

But sturdy and up-right
the keyboard
there before me
a kind of cunt

If I might
touch it right
bring
it to
a kind of tumescence

Even

To lick
with the tip
of my tongue that small
incomparable
almost hairless
segment of flesh
between
your lip and your nostrils

I must bring
your photograph so close
that your two eyes converge
into
a single one